

006 by nubbynubbster

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W., OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-11-05 01:09:47

Updated: 2017-11-19 09:29:11

Packaged: 2019-12-17 04:55:51

Rating: K

Chapters: 17

Words: 15,769

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: 006 is a test subject with "abilities", just like Eleven. Unlike her however, he is employed as a hitman by the Lab. When Eleven escapes, he is sent after her. As time passes, Six begins to change his mind. Unknown to the characters, however, Hawkins Lab is becoming impatient. (Rewrote Chapter Seventeen)

1. Chapter One

This is my first fanfic, so bear with me. In this story, multiple things in the Stranger Things timeline were changed, but the story mostly kept towards the canon at the start. It will become rather obvious, but some of the abilities in this story were heavily influenced by Star Wars, of which I do not own. I hope you enjoy it and tell me your thoughts and suggestions in the comments!

Experiment Number 006 didn't remember anything about where he was from, or how he got there. He was being trained in Hawkins Lab for as long as he could remember. From his looks, Six was roughly Fifteen. He was at average height, around 1.6m, with piercing blue eyes, hair that would have been blonde and wavy if not for it being shaved almost to the scalp, and a pale complexion.

Six's life consisted of being tested on and training his abilities. The scientists and other test subjects were the only people he knew except for a boy he was paired with, tagged 007, who was his twin brother. Another subject he knew was one tagged 011, a girl. She didn't speak much, except to the head of the lab, a man named Doctor Brenner. She was special, in a way, to him. She had an ability no other could achieve. Six heard she could find people from far away.

Eventually, like Eleven, Six was put to work. She found the targets and he was to find them and silence the enemies of the government to keep peace in the land. That's what he was told, anyway. One day, before an operation, Eleven disappeared. Escaped. Six was tasked to track her down and return her to the lab, dead or alive, but preferably alive. He set out to complete his mission, determined to find and capture his sister. After a call from a man named Benny from a diner named after him, Six travelled there to investigate. If Benny knew about Eleven, he was to be silenced. This was top secret information and he would leave no witnesses, as people, including and *especially* the commies *cannot* know the US government's secret weapons.

Six was with a woman and a group of men in black suits working for Hawkins Lab. "She's in the kitchen," Were Benny's last words before a bullet from the woman's gun entered his skull. Six stepped into the

diner as some of the woman's men chased after Eleven. By the time Six walked into the kitchen, he saw the men, dead or passed out. He smirked. *'As expected, Eleven.'*

Six surveyed Hawkins from ground level, making himself familiar with his surroundings. He met a man who reported seeing a little girl with a buzz cut near Mirkwood who was able to move things with her mind. "Thank you for the tip." The man dropped to the ground with electric burn marks covering his corpse. No witnesses. Six looked up to see storm clouds gathering with thunder booming in the distance. He sent a psychic blast travelling through the woods to locate the lost girl. What he did find, however, were fresh bike tracks not washed away by the rain. Someone found her before Six did.

Six followed the tracks to the Wheeler's house, and through some reconnaissance, Eleven's whereabouts were confirmed. All that was left was to wait for the perfect moment. Although Six had never seen the extent of Eleven's abilities, he was sure her level of telekenesis was higher than his, provided he wasn't *pissed*. That posed a problem. On the other hand, Six was trained in combat to take down the enemies of the government. After the third night of waiting, everyone in the house left. Six suspected a child, seeming to be around the age of thirteen was hiding Eleven. *'I might have to dispose of him later.'* Six sneaked from his hiding spot towards the enemy territory and opened the door with his mind while making sure he wasn't seen.

Thud, thud thud...

Six lept behind cover, catching a glimpse at his target. He would have to execute his directive quickly and quietly. Unlike Thirteen, he wasn't able to perform mind tricks to coax his targets, but he could knock them out. *'Hold on. I don't hear anything...'*

BOOM

An invisible force sent Six rocketing through the window, shattering it. *'Ouch,'* was Six's reaction as he tumbled onto the ground outside. As he got back onto his feet, he saw a girl, around the age of 12 approaching him from the open door with her head down, glaring.

"Six. I sensed you."

"*Pfft*. Well played. I've come to bring you home, Eleven. Before someone else finds you. That boy is already a problem. If we act fast, we might still be able to-

"No. I'm not going back. I like here."

Six frowned.

"If you don't come with me, you will be considered an enemy of the government. I'll have to put you down. You know I don't want to."

"You couldn't."

"Please, Eleven. Don't make me do it."

Six ducked, just managing to dodge the sewer drain cap flying at him.

"Fine. You leave me no choice. I'm sorry"

Six's eyes turned yellow and raised his hand towards Eleven.

2. Chapter Two

Six's eyes turned yellow and raised his hand towards Eleven. He had to do it. This was for the good of the world, wasn't it?

A crackling blue streak travelled down Six's shoulder down to the top of his fingers, and lightning sprang from his hand, shooting towards Eleven. The attack was countered by a psychic force field forming around Six's target, and the lightning curved around her. Realising the attack was useless, Six temporarily stopped the flow of lightning. *'I have to try something else.'* His thoughts were halted as it was Eleven's turn to attack, where she sent a second powerful blast towards Six, blasting him back onto the ground. Six pushed back before Eleven's third strike, and he two attacks countered each other, creating a wave of everything blasting them both back. If anything, Six was losing, and he knew that. Eleven's defense was impenetrable.

It seemed that fighting Eleven head on with full force was a bad idea. He had to come up with a plan soon. Maybe a melee attack? Eleven most likely would never let Six get anywhere close to her, and an attack like that would take a bit out of him, but it was worth a shot. Six closed his eyes and concentrated, and sent a shot into the ground behind him, propelling him forward at high speeds while charging up electricity with his right hand.

Eleven stopped him in his tracks, breaking his momentum with a blast of immense power. Six dropped to the ground once again, coughing. *'Haha, didn't expect that,'* He thought with a smirk. He looked up at Eleven, Her nose dripping blood.

Six glanced over to the left, where a boy on a bike was approaching. "El! El!" He called. Eleven looked over as the boy got off the bike. "I forgot- What's going on here? Why's the window broken? Eleven?"

"Mike."

She turned her gaze towards the ground, not answering.

Six noticed the way she looked at this "Mike", and the way he looked at her. It was strange. He could see their connection. Six had never

seen anything like it. It made him wonder if his other targets had people they cared deeply for.

If he wanted, Six could use Mike as an advantage to gain leverage on Eleven, but a he wouldn't. Even he has morals.

"Who are you? El, who's he?"

"My brother. Six."

Six scoffed. "You remember me. Great. This girl here, she's coming with me. Brenner says she's been gone long enough."

"Papa is bad. I'm not going."

"Sorry, Eleven. That's not an option."

Mike was looking confused. "I don't know who you're talking about, but if she says she's not going, she's not going. Right, El?"

Eleven nodded.

Why are you still working for the bad men? They hurt us."

"They... They said it was for the greater good. You expect me to turn against the people who raised us?"

"They. Hurt. Us."

To be honest, Six has been wondering the same thing for a long time. They had told him that they were the good guys, but after all they did to Six and the others, all they made them do... He wasn't so sure anymore. Six looked over at the couple before him. Mike took Eleven's hand, calming her down. Relationships like that did exist. Secretly, Six wished he could run away from it all, but he just wasn't as brave- *ignorant* as Eleven. He knew what the "bad men" could do, and he didn't want to get on their bad side. He wished he was as ignorant and innocent as Eleven. Able to be free without a care in the world. Six decided not to take that away from her.

"Enjoy that happiness while you can, Eleven. There *will* be others coming for you."

"What are you going to do?l

"I'm going to fight back. I hope to be alive to see you again."

And with that, Six returned to the lab to finish his *new* mission.

3. Chapter Three

"You failed?"

"I didn't fail. I let her go."

"That's worse. Expect some punishment to be in order for you, Six."

"Doesn't matter. You and your organisation of lies don't control me. I will not obey. Never again."

Doctor Brenner nodded to the guards around him, a gesture to signal the detainment of Six. Six's eyes glowed a bright yellow, and electricity crackled on his right arm. He glared at the guards. "I don't recommend it." The two guards approached him, and Six sent a powerful beam of pure electricity into the guard on the right, while holding out his left hand in a cupping motion, choking the guard on his left. Both guards collapsed to the ground, dead. One burnt to a crisp, one pale from suffocation.

Six used his telekinesis to pull Brenner's suit collar into his half outstretched hand. "Listen. I'm going to propose a deal with you. Let me out of here, no strings attached, and no one gets hurt. Cross me, and your cover-up team is going to be busy. Do you understand?"

Brenner did not look happy. "Terminate Six."

On that command, a rift opened up behind Brenner, and a boy stepped out, around Six's age. This momentarily stunned Six, giving the new arrival the chance he needed to pull Brenner into the portal, while he stayed in the interrogation room with Six, who managed to catch a glimpse of the boy's number tag on his arm. It read, "Seven".

4. Chapter Four

Six didn't recognise him. He had never heard about Nine. Fight first, questions later. Nine pulled out a knife. He meant business.

Nine went in, charging towards Six, knife facing Six's chest. Six barely managed to dodge it by a telekinetic push, moving Nine's hand away from his desired target, the knife grazing Six's side. Blood dripped from Six's nose and fresh wound. He needed to get out of here. The conditions weren't exactly favourable. There was an army of guards outside the room he was in, so the front door was not an option. Six blasted Nine back, and another portal opened behind Nine, teleporting him into another newly opened portal behind Six. *'So that's your game, eh?'*

Six once again managed to dodge the attack by a millimeter. Then, Six had an idea. It wasn't a very good one, but if it worked, Six would come out alive. He jumped onto the table, using lightning to keep Nine at bay, managing to zap him a bit. With Nine slightly dazed from the continuous shocks, Six focussed all his strength to form telekinetic blast to be able to destroy the wall separating Six and his foe from outside the lab, though him escaping makes his trip to the lab worthless, as he came here for someone. Six thought about that. *'Escape, or risk my life breaking the wall separating me and the guards, with a chance to save him...'* Blasting Nine, he knew, was out of the question as he would just teleport behind Six, giving him another chance to strike. Six decided. He had to escape to live and fight another day.

Six blasted the wall, creating a satisfying boom, shattering the thick concrete, making a hole to the outside world. Six jumped. He had no other choice. He braced himself for the impact, ready to cushion his fall with telekinesis. All of a sudden, he felt a sharp pain in his gut like he'd been slashed by a blade. He looked around, finding himself to have teleported back into the room, with blood leaking out of his recently sliced gut. The last thing he saw was Nine standing triumphantly over him before he blacked out.

5. Chapter Five

The battle Mike witnessed left him thinking. He had so many questions about El's past, but she said she wasn't ready to tell him. He didn't want to push her, but he really wanted to know. He snapped out of daydreaming. He had to concentrate on finding Will. El recently revealed that she could channel her powers to talk to Will. They were close to finding Will. He knew it. Mike had called the party together to meet up and brainstorm how to use this knowledge to finally track Will down.

Six woke up in a hospital bed, noticing he was strapped to it. He knew instantly that he failed. Six rattled his restraints. They didn't budge. He tried using telekinesis to break them, but they were too tough, and Six was weak. *'This is it for me, then. I'm done for.'* Just then, the door to his room opened, and another boy, with most of Six's features. Six recognised him as the person he came here for, his twin brother, Seven. "Shh, don't speak. I'm getting you out of here, Six." Seven unlocked Six's restraints with a key acquired from a guard he used his powers on. "They're coming. We have to move fast."

The pair crept through the air vents they entered in the hallway outside the room a little slower than they should have, as Six's open wound was slowing him down. The next opening they come across would be the stairwell, and four floors down, the exit.

Seven places his hand on the wall, sending a wave of electricity into the building and the wiring in the walls, disabling the cameras temporarily. The pair then travelled down the stairs, wary of making any noise and anyone approaching. There were two guards in the way of the exit, who were swiftly dispatched by a psychic shoving of their heads into the wall behind them.

"Alright, Six. This is as far as I can take you, before they get suspicious of my whereabouts."

"I came here to save *you*. You're coming with me."

"Sorry Six, but you know you have to leave me. It's too dangerous for both of us to be out."

Six hesitated. "Fine. I'll be back for you."

"Good luck out there."

"You too."

With that, Six exited Hawkins Lab.

6. Chapter Six

Six limped out of the lab, hobbling off hurriedly- trying to get as far away from the lab as soon as possible. He heard alarms blazing behind him as he ran. All this movement was causing him to bleed out. He made it to the first house he knew- the Wheelers'. But, if we was to survive with a wound like this, he would have to seal it. Six's eyes turned yellow, electricity sparking in his raised hand.

Mike Wheeler had his friends over, discussing- *arguing* ways to find Will, until Dustin came up with the idea to find the gate to the Upside-Down by using magnets. Just when they were loading up, about to set out on their journey, they heard a ring from the doorbell. "Stay here, I'll get it," Mike said as he ran up the stairs of the basement to the front door. The second he opened the door, a boy with a familiar-looking face collapsed on the ground.

Mike finally recalled the identity of the boy to be El's "brother". He had previously shared what he saw to his party, with El confirming it for him. "We can't trust him! He tried to kill El!" Lucas had knack for suspicion against newcomers, but Mike thought otherwise. "But he didn't. He changed his mind."

"How do you know that wasn't a trick?" Lucas replied. "I wouldn't trust him for a second. Right, Dustin? *Dustin?*"

Dustin seemed distracted by the large red path on the boy's white shirt. He lifted it up, revealing a large burn mark on his abs, like it had been sealed with fire. "Damn! Mike, grab some bandages!" Responding to Dustin's order, Mike ran to the bathroom.

Lucas protested, "Are we seriously going to help this guy?"

A quiet voice spoke up among the arguing. "I trust him."

Lucas gave in to Eleven. "Fine, but if we get murdered, I'm holding *you* responsible!"

Six woke up to a slingshot pointed at his face. "Point that thing somewhere else." Lucas drew his *wrist rocket's* string further. "It's not a

slingshot. It's a *wrist rocket*."

"Lucas, put it down," Mike ordered.

Lucas lowered the weapon, still glaring at Six with suspicious eyes. Six lifted his shirt to find a bandage.

"We put that over it. Let it heal."

"Th-thanks."

"Who are you? How did you get that wound? Where did you come from?" Dustin questioned impatiently.

Six explained that he was from Hawkins Lab, was slashed by an assassin and made his way to the only place he knew was safe. Mostly. He thought that hiding a telekinetic girl in their basement and knowing of an alternate, darker dimension would broaden their minds a bit, but they still seemed shocked.

Lucas finally spoke, "Let's not get sidetracked. He have to find Will."

The other two nodded. "Let's go," said Mike.

"Where are they going?" Six asked Eleven.

"The Upside-Down. To find Will."

Six frowned in disbelief. *'They can't go there!'* Eleven nodded. *'I know.'*

Before they left, Mike told Six not to touch anything, make any noise and to not go anywhere. "We'll be back soon."

'Idiots don't know what they're messing with. If Eleven can't stop them, there would be no point in me trying.' Six rested on the sofa, contemplating.

7. Chapter Seven

The party walked on the train tracks through the woods, following Dustin's suggestion of using the compass to find the portal to the Upside-Down. Mike looked over to El. She seems on high alert. "El, what's wrong?"

"Someone's following us."

Mike looked around. He didn't see anyone. "Hey, what's the hold up?" Dustin asked impatiently. "El says someone's following us, but I don't see anyone."

"They're close," El replied. "Getting closer..."

She spun around just in time to stop a knife emerging from a portal behind her aiming at her chest. She saw a boy, his face grim. "Mike, run!" Mike hesitated, wanting to help, but he knew there was nothing he could do against something like *that*.

He, Dustin and Lucas reluctantly ran to the nearby junkyard to hide. Meanwhile, Eleven was barely managing to fight back against the portal-opening maniac known as Nine. Before she could land a successful blow, Nine would step back and reappear behind her, trying his best not to make it easy. Eleven was tiring, but Nine was just warming up. He saw an opening and sent a roundhouse kick to Eleven's side. Not being combat trained, she couldn't block the attack and was sent into the grass next to the train tracks.

She got back up, trying to take the offensive. She uprooted a full tree, turned it on its side and launched it at Nine, who tried to leap over it, but was sent down to the ground. Eleven pushed him down, managing to crack a bone before Nine sank into a newly opened portal beneath him. Eleven let a sigh of relief escape from her lungs. She lowered her guard down, about walk off to meet Mike and the others at the junkyard. She needed to be there to stop them from reaching The Gate. However, the fight wasn't over yet. Nine was waiting for Eleven to drop her guard. He opened a portal behind her, ready to do the same with Eleven as he did with Six. Instead of flesh, the knife slashed through her jacket. How did Nine miss? He went in

for another strike before she realised what was happening. Before Nine could

land his knife in backhand position into Eleven's back, only grazing her and dropping her into the ground while he was launched backwards onto the ground behind them.

Nine turned around and asked the new fighter, "How did you escape...?"

Without answering, Six blasted Nine with pure lightning, making him drop the knife, screaming.

"Nice pair of lungs you got there," Six remarked. Nine once again sank into the ground below. Eleven appeared to have been knocked unconscious. Six tried to hide his wincing. He was still weak from his earlier fight with Nine.

Six turned around to be met by a high kick towards the side of his face, which was blocked by an arm put in its path by reflex. Nine didn't let up, firing consecutive punches which were also blocked by Six. Six returned a punch directed towards Nine's head, but an arm was put in its way. Six sent another fist to Nine's gut, and was grabbed by Nine, who, with both of Six's hands held, head butted him. Six stumbled back, slightly dazed. Nine threw Six a right hook, followed by a left, and a kick into the stomach that sent Six into the ground.

Six placed his hands on the ground, pushing himself into a back flip, landing on his feet. His nose was bleeding from the headbutt, and his arms were heavily bruised by the powerful punches provided by Nine. Six sent a high kick aimed at Nine's head, spinning around, attempting to land a back heel at the same spot. Nine backed up as Six expected. As he planned, Six shot forward placing a hand on Nine's head, shoving him face first into the ground, telekinetically boosting himself for an improved effect. Six switched his grip on Nine's head to his left hand to use his right hand to pummel Nine further into the dirt.

Six's hand was intercepted by another portal opening in its way. His hand sank inside, and he felt a cold atmosphere surrounding it. He

pulled it out of there as fast as he can, but Nine managed to break free from Six's hold, grabbing his neck. Six toppled onto the ground with Nine's hand grasping his neck, strangling him. Six desperately clawed at Nine's face. He channeled lightning into both his hands and grabbed Nine's head and released the energy. This threw Nine off while Six blasted him away. Both got onto their feet, their faces bruised and bloody. The distance between the two gave them the opportunity to have a moment's rest. Nine picked his knife off the ground. That wasn't a good sign. He got into a stance, ready to charge. Six did the same, ready to blast off into his foe.

Boom.

Six and Nine both charged at the same time. Nine charged into a portal which reopened behind Six. Six turned around, losing his momentum. He held his left hand up to his waist, stopping the knife from entering his chest by less than an inch, while his right hand dipped into a portal opened in the way of Nine's gut. They stood there for a moment, in an impasse. Six's nose was bleeding profusely, his eyes glowing more yellow than ever before. Nine's nose was no different either. Six glanced back to Eleven who was gaining consciousness. Six's hold on Nine's knife-wielding hand was loosening, while Nine, aside from his bleeding nose, didn't seem fazed. Six sent a blast, pushing both of them back, Six falling into the dirt behind him.

Six sent a weak bolt of lightning towards Nine, who easily dodged it, while running towards him, knife at his side, ready to slice Six's neck. Six slammed his hands onto the ground, sending a wave of telekinetic energy around, blasting leaves off branches and sending Nine back a few yards. Six didn't have much more up his sleeve. He walked forward while electrocuting Nine while he was down. Nine screamed, the sound muffled by Six's last stand. Why did he even help the boys? He could have left them, and not have gotten into danger. Was it the fact that he wanted to save his sister? Was it because the boys had helped him, even if it was very little? Six didn't have time to answer that question, as he saw Nine getting up on his feet, clamped teeth, curled fists and strained eyes, somehow tanking Six's lightning. Six could feel himself getting weaker and weaker as Nine approached. Six turned pale, bottom half of his face riddled with blood from

continuous strain. Six stopped as Nine, who was already at arm's length and smoking from the lightning, pressed the knife against Six's neck as he tried to hold it back. The tip of the knife drew blood.

Before the knife could fully enter Six's neck, Nine lifted off the ground and away from Six. Six turned around to see Eleven with her arm raised straining to keep Nine in the air. Nine was reaching for something around his neck that wasn't there, and at it, dropped his weapon. Eleven was choking him, but at this rate, Nine would break from Eleven's hold before she got anywhere near killing him. Six had to help. He pulled the knife towards him and aimed at Nine's levitating body. With his strength increased by his powers, Six threw the knife at him, landing a hit to the left of Nine's chest. Bullseye. Nine clutched the knife buried in his chest and pulled it out.

'Bloody hell. What does it take to kill this guy?' "Eleven. Throw em' into a tree. I'll take it from here." Eleven nodded. She did as Six asked and shot him into a tree. The bark shattered and Nine was thrown into the next one behind it. Six took over choking him. His face turned grim. With a soft crack, Six shut his hand, snapping Nine's neck.

Jesus, sorry this took so long, guys! Some stuff came up and it slowed down the process of writing this. Hope you're still enjoying the story!

8. Chapter Eight

After the battle, Eleven and Six were too injured and exhausted to go on. Mike and his friends had returned from hiding and found them both unconscious on the ground, but they didn't find Nine's body.

Six woke up, back on the couch he was previously on before he left Mike's basement. He looked over the armrest over his head at Mike tending to Eleven in the pillow fort where she lay down, giving her a food called "Eggo" in the shape of a flat round cake with squarish holes littered all over it and providing her with water. Six looked down at himself, noticing him being covered in more bandages, not exactly administered properly, but good enough. Mike called over to Six, noticing him being awake.

"Oh, you're awake. Sorry about the bandages, it was kinda difficult to use put them on you lying down, and Dustin doesn't really have steady hands."

"It's no problem. Thank you."

"There's food on the table in front of you."

"Thanks," Six said, reaching over for the Eggos left on a plate on the table. "H-how long was I sleeping?"

"About two days. You really were tired, huh?"

"I guess so. Nine. Where is he?"

Mike gave Six a look of confusion.

"The assassin that tried to kill you."

"I didn't see him."

Six's eyes widened. That was impossible. Six killed him. He was sure he did.

"Also... thank *you* for saving us... saving Eleven."

"You really do like her, don't you?" Six remarked, grinning.

"What? No! Not like that!"

That comment seemed to pass over Eleven's head. She frowned.
"Mike... doesn't like me?"

"No El, I like you, but-"

"But?"

Six laughed. He had never laughed like that before. Mike scowled at Six. "What are *you* laughing at?"

Before Six could reply, they heard a knock on the door. Mike ran up the stairs and opened it, revealing Dustin and Lucas. "Alright, now we can finally find Will."

The three of them packed up to leave for the "Upside-Down" with determination in their eyes. They continued as planned, as they were sidetracked the last time. Six stayed where he was as he was in a worse shape than Eleven, who went with them.

9. Chapter Nine

A few hours later, Mike and Dustin returned to Mike's house without Eleven. They were arguing about whose fault "it" was and something about the "rule of law". They finally decided to go to Lucas' house for Mike to apologise to him for something one of them did before the three of them went out to find Eleven.

Six stood up. "I'll go with you."

"No way, you're still weak," Mike protested.

"I can help you find her."

Dustin nudged Mike. "Fine, but we have to move fast. The sun'll be coming down soon."

The three of them walked over to Lucas' and began arguing again. Six wasn't paying attention as he hung back, admiring the decorations and furniture. Eventually, Mike and Dustin left without Lucas. *'They must have had a pretty big disagreement,'* Six thought. Six sat behind Dustin on his bike as they cycled off into Mirkwood. On the ride, they discussed more about who being who's best friend. Six still wasn't paying attention, not letting himself be bothered by their little spat.

The trio arrived in the forest, calling out Eleven's name. No answer. This didn't deter them however, and they kept shouting, until they heard rustling. "Hey, stop. You hear that?" Mike questioned. "What?" Dustin asked. "El!" They looked over into the forest and two figures came up from it.

"Hey there, Frogface," one said.

"Toothless," said the other.

Instinctively, Dustin and Mike ran, with Six trailing them. He didn't know what was going on. They ran up to a cliff, where they finally got cornered by their assailants. They wanted Mike to "pee his pants" like Mike made on of them do. It had heard like Eleven had made them do it. "Ooh, it looks like the nerds found a new friend!" They

said, grabbing Six from behind, arm around his neck and knife at his throat. The other did the same to Dustin. Six couldn't fight them head on due to his injuries, so he had to wait for the right moment, when they were distracted. One of them told Mike to jump off the cliff into the water below. The other wasn't too sure about it, but his comment was brushed off. Six frowned as Mike walked over to the edge. *'Alright, now's the time.'*

Six slammed his heel into his attacker, causing him to release his grip. Six turned, bashing him with a left hook. A little more force would have broken his jaw. The other released Dustin, running over to Mike. He got there before Six, and he shoved Mike over the edge. Six pulled the boy back by the hair throwing him into the ground. He reached out for the falling Mike, hand outstretched. He wasn't strong enough to stop his fall. All he could do was slow him down, but Six knew it might not save him. Six tried his best to lower Mike's momentum, but he was failing.

Suddenly, Mike came to a stop. He levitated in midair. Six looked to his left to see Eleven coming up the hill glaring at the bullies. She tossed one into the dirt, and with a flick of her head, the one whom Mike called "Troy"'s arm broke with a satisfying crack. He screamed, "My arm! *My arm!*"

With one word, Eleven made the two run. "Go."

Dustin cheered as Mike was lifted back onto his feet on top of the cliff, and Eleven dropped to the ground.

10. Chapter Ten

Eleven was, thankfully, still conscious. She looked up at Mike. "I'm the monster," She said with tears forming in her eyes. "No. No El, you're not the monster," Mike reassured. "You saved me. Do you understand? You saved me." Mike's words touched Eleven, evident in the tears forming around her eyes. They hugged, satisfied that they were both safe. Dustin awkwardly joined the hug, his arms enveloping both of them. Six was peering inquisitively over the edge, wondering if *he* could have survived that.

Eleven couldn't stand, and Mike wasn't sure what to do. "Carry her," Six suggested. Mike frowned. "What?" Six grinned. "Put her on your back. Carry her back." Dustin also started grinning, realising what Six was trying to achieve. "Yeah, Mike. Carry her back. To the bikes, at least." Mike's face turned slightly red. "El, do you want me to carry you?" Eleven nodded, sheepishly. Mike put her on his back, giving in to Six and Dustin's prompts. He turned even more red than before, if that was possible.

The four finally reached the bikes, Mike breathless. They had to take a few stops on the way, as Mike wasn't exactly the strongest kid in the school. Everyone got onto the two bikes and rode off back to Mike's house. They stopped somewhere near the house, deciding to rest by walking the remaining distance. Along the way, Six signed for the group to halt. He stared at a white van. "What's wrong?" Mike asked. "Nothing. Let's keep going."

In the basement, Mike was cleaning off Eleven's makeup when they heard Lucas calling in from the Supercomm. "*tHe mAd HeN aRe CoMiNg, GeT oUt Of tHeRe!*" "Who's coming?" "The bad men! All of them!" Mike came to a sudden realisation. "Stay here," Mike commanded as he and Dustin tore open the windows, seeing more white vans with the inscriptions, "Hawkins Power and Light" on their sides. Mike questioned his mother if she had scheduled any repairs, but Dustin interrupted. "Mike, we gotta go!" The pair picked up Eleven and Six and their bags, running a few yards away from the house before getting onto their bikes and riding away.

They were going to turn into another street to meet up with Lucas,

but the vans were catching up with them, *fast*. However, Six had an idea. "Everyone, hold on tight!" The others followed his instructions. Eleven hugged Mike tighter, making her heart beat faster, though she wasn't entirely sure why. Six put his plan in motion. The bikes sped up drastically, managing to outrun the vans. The others screamed as blood dripped from Six's nose and his eyes turned yellow. He had more stamina to use his powers than Eleven, though they weren't as strong. Quite a fair trade. The group managed to reach to rendezvous point with Lucas but, to their dismay, another van appeared in their way.

Eleven lowered her head, The van in front of them flipped overhead, dropping in the path of the vans behind them.

Hoo, another long chapter! Took a while to write and get the canon characters' lines down completely and think of the plot and, as usual, how to fit Six into the story. Hope you guys enjoy reading it as much as I enjoy writing it. Sorry for the slowER updates, but I'm trying my best. See you guys in the next chapter!

11. Chapter Eleven

The kids arrived in the junkyard, their main hiding spot. Six was surveying the area, making sure there weren't any hiding areas for their enemies. Six had made sure the junkyard was safe when he heard the familiar sounds of a flying mechanical monster in the sky. Six looked up to see a helicopter flying above them. "Hide! Hide!" Six shouted. The others saw the hovering machines and shoved their bikes underneath the abandoned school bus, getting themselves inside, ducking as the helicopter flew over them.

"Mental," Dustin exclaimed. About half an hour later, the group heard a girl's voice from Mike's Supercomm. "*Mike, it's me, Nancy! Mike, are you there? Answer. Mike, we need you to answer!*" Six frowned. "Who's that?" The voice continued. "*This is an emergency, Mike. Do you copy?*" She repeated the last like again. "Okay, this is really weird." Dustin said. Lucas tried to grab the radio to respond. "Don't answer it!" Mike snapped. "But she said it's an emergency!"

"What if it's a trick?"

"It's your sister!"

"What if the bad people kidnapped her? What if bette forcing her to say this?"

The voice spoke again. "*I need you to answer.*"

"It's like Lando Calrissian. Don't answer," Dustin warned.

"*We need to know that you're there, Mike.*" A male voice took over. "*Listen kid, this is the chief. If you're there, pick up. We know you're in trouble, and we know about both of the experiments.*"

Six frowned again. "How do they know?"

"Why is she with the chief?" Mike questioned.

"*We can protect you, we can help you, but you gotta pick up. Are you there, do you copy? Over.*" Mike looked at the others, deciding what to do. The voices stopped. A second later, Mike spoke into the

Supercomm. "Yeah, I copy. It's Mike. I'm here." He looked around again. "*We're* here." Mike told the 'chief' their location and he said he was coming to pick them up. They sat and waited for a few minutes in silence, until Six spoke. "That man... can we trust him?" "Yeah, he's the chief," Lucas answered. Dustin was pacing around the bus, breathing heavily with a worried look on his face.

"Will you *stop pacing*?" Mike said angrily.

"It's been way too long. Maybe you're right. Maybe this is *all* a trap, and the bad men are coming to get us *right now*!"

It's not a trap! Why would the chief set us up? Nancy maybe, but *the chief*?" Lucas stated, but he didn't seem too sure himself. Dustin pointed at him. "Lando Calrissian."

"Would you *shut up* about Lando!" Lucas snapped.

"I don't feel good about this, *I don't feel good about this*!"

"When do you feel good about *anything*?"

The silence returned as the gang heard vehicles approaching outside. They ducked as soon as they saw the two black cars stopping in front and beside the bus. "Do you think they saw us?"

"Both of you, shut up," Mike commanded. Three men in suits stepped out of the car, guns in hand. They looked around the junkyard. They looked under the bus, appearing to have spotted the three bikes thrown underneath. Six was getting ready to blast them with everything he had left when-

The three men exclaimed as the sounds of smacking and thwacking was heard outside. A man peered in. "Alright, let's go." The group followed him out of the bus as he led them to his car to drive them back. In the car, Six had been eying the man with admiration. '*Not bad. I just hope I can really trust him.*'

Mike was the first to ask questions. "Where are we going, Chief?"

"Back to Joyce's. We found out everything that was going on with the experiments, with Will's disappearance and the *dark world*." Six

clenched his fists upon hearing the word "experiments". He'd spent all his life cooped up inside that lab- except when he was sent out as the lab's personal *bounty hunter*, so he wasn't *too* fond at that word. Ten minutes later, the car stopped, and the group of kids got out in front of the Byers' house.

12. Chapter Twelve

At the Byers', Mike and the others explained how to get to the "Upside-Down" through a gate located in Hawkins Lab. Eleven said she could use her powers to find Will and the teenage girl who was apparently Mike's sister who's voice Six recognises from the Supercomm in the bus. "Can you do it too?" The middle-aged woman asked. Six heard the others call her "Joyce". Six shook his head. "What *can* you do, then?" Hopper asked. "Other stuff. Really cool stuff like shooting lightning out of his hands and-" Dustin spoke excitedly before finally reading the social queues to *shut up*. "Sorry, but that kind of ability is limited to Eleven," Six said.

The teens and adults were filled in on how Eleven's tracking worked, and they handed her Mike's Supercomm to use. Everyone in the room gathered around the table she with her at the head, watching in awe as her eyes moved rapidly underneath her eyelids as she tuned the small radio, creating crackling noises. The noises stopped and she opened up her eyes, tears forming around them. "I'm sorry." Joyce frowned, knowing yet denying what Eleven was going to say. "What's wrong?" She asked. Eleven answered with tears already rolling down her face, "I can't find them." Joyce turned away, hand on mouth, starting to cry herself.

Eleven excused herself to the bathroom. She could be heard sniffing from outside the door. Meanwhile, the kids were explaining the toll using her powers took on her. "When she uses her powers, she gets weak." "The more energy she uses, the more tired he gets. Six is the same, but I think he has more stamina." Dustin gestured to the boy that was slumped over the couch behind the group who raised his hand slightly upon hearing his name.

"Like Eleven flipped the van earlier."

"Which was awesome."

"But they're drained."

"Like a bad battery," Dustin added.

"Well, how do we make them better?" Joyce asked.

"We don't. We just have to wait and try again," Mike answered.

"How long?" Nancy questioned.

"I don't know."

The bathroom door slammed opened, abruptly interrupting the conversation going on. "The bath."

"What?" Joyce spoke the confusion of everyone in the room.

"I can find them," Eleven said with a determined tone in her voice. "In the bath."

"Bath? What bath?"

"A special bath. The bad men put Eleven in a large bath tub to amplify her powers," Six said. Dustin snapped his fingers. "A sensory deprivation tank."

"How do we make one?" Mike questioned.

"I don't know, but I know someone who does."

Dustin grabbed the phone that was on the all, bashing in the numbered keypads. He hassled with the man on the other line, who he called "Mister Clarke" a bit before finally receiving the information he needed. He wrote down the ingredients and their quantities on a piece of paper. He ended the call with a question directed at Joyce. "Do you still have that kiddie pool we bobbed for apples in?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"Good, then we just need salt, lots of it."

"How much is lots?" Hopper probed.

"Fifteen hundred pounds."

"Well, how are we going to get that much salt?" Nancy inquired.

"The school has a lot of salt for the winter."

"Then that's where we're going. C'mon," Hopper commanded.

At the school, the group was split up into various teams to maximise efficiency. Jonathan and Hopper went to get the salt, Dustin and Lucas were to set up the kiddie pool, the Wheeler siblings went to get the hoses for transferring water and Joyce was getting Eleven ready for the mission. Six was watching Dustin and Lucas *attempt* to put together the pool from the bleachers. Every so often, he would hear one of them (Mostly Dustin) cuss. "Hey guys? I think you have to do it like that. Try putting it up one side at a time or something," Six suggested. Once again, the pair tried and failed. Six snickered a bit. "You think this is *funny*?" Lucas snapped. "What? No! I don't know what you mean!" Six replied, unable to keep a straight face. "If you think you're so smart, you try it!" Six raised his eyebrows and shrugged. "Sure." Dustin and Lucas stepped aside to let Six try. "See, you do it like this..." The pool flopped flat onto the ground. A minute later, Six said, "Fourth time's the charm." The kiddie pool flopped back down. Six kicked the side of the pool, angrily. "Dammit!" It was the others' turn to laugh this time, so they did. Six held out his hand, using his powers to straighten it up. "There we go," Six said with a proud grin on his face. "Hey, that's cheating!" Lucas protested. Six replied by giving him a wink, still grinning.

Just in time, the Wheelers came back with the hoses. They hooked them up to the faucets and started to pour water into the kiddie pool. Lucas directed the temperature of the water with a thermometer while Nancy controlled the flow and followed Lucas' orders. Hopper and Jonathan sliced the bags of salt with their knives and let the salt flow into the water. Every so often, Dustin would test the water by placing an egg onto it, and when the egg floated on the water, the density was correct to his list.

After the preparations, Eleven slipped on the mask Joyce provided her with and stepped into the water. She lay belly-up inside the pool. She breathed heavily as she went into what she called "The Void". Eleven looked for Nancy's friend, Barbara. Eleven reeled back slightly after a period of silence. She screamed. Six never found out nor did he want to know what Eleven saw in the Void. "Gone!" Eleven repeated that multiple times. Nancy gasped. She had lost her friend,

and deep inside she knew she was responsible for her death.

"Will?" She spoke after another rather long period of silence. She repeated it. She had found Will in the Void. Joyce told Eleven to pass a message to him. Eleven suddenly screamed. Everyone could hear loud whimpering on the Supercomm that was placed next the the pool. Eleven shot up from the water, startling everyone around her. Joyce, who was behind her, cradled Eleven in her arms and comforted her.

Hopper put on his jacket, seeming determined to find Will in the place Eleven found him in- Castle Byers. Joyce went with him, and Jonathan and Nancy seemed to have disappeared along with them. This left a still-whimpering Eleven, Six and the other kids alone in the gym, waiting for the return of the adults and teenagers. The entire building was silent, everyone left sitting on the bleachers with Eleven resting her head on Mike's shoulder, until Mike got up, startling Eleven a bit. He ran outside, and Six could hear a faint shouting. "Nancy! Jonathan!"

Mike came back, delivering news about the whereabouts of the teenagers. "They're gone."

"What?" Lucas asked.

"Nancy and Jonathan. His car's gone."

"Probably sucking face somewhere," Dustin joked.

"Gross!" Lucas cringed.

"No! No way!"

"Did they go with the chief?"

Mike replied, slightly angry, "I don't know!"

"No," A small voice spoke.

"What? Did you see them? Do you know where they went?"

"Yes."

"Where? Where did they go?"

Eleven paused for a moment. "Demogorgon."

13. Chapter Thirteen

About an hour later, the little group was still waiting. "Guys. Guys! This is crazy!" Mike's impatience was showing. "We can't just wait around!" Lucas walked in front of him, blocking his path. "Mike, in case you forgot, we're still fugitives. The bad man are still looking for us." Six nodded at that. "Yeah, and we don't even know where your sister is," Dustin added. "El can find her!"

Dustin cocked his head and pointed at El. "Mike, look at her! She's not going to be using her powers any time soon. And I still think we should stick to the chief's plan."

"Exactly," Lucas agreed. "We stay here, keep them out of sight and safe. That's the most important thing, remember?"

"I can handle myself, don't worry," Six informed. "Worry about El more. She's the only one who can find your friend."

"Yeah, and Nancy's also kind of a badass now, so..." Dustin said before walking off.

"Hey, where are you going? You just said to stick with the plan!" Mike shouted.

"I am, I'm just going to get some pudding! I'm telling you, lunch lady Phyllis hoards that shit!"

"Are you serious?"

"El needs to be recharged!" Dustin shouted back before disappearing behind the exit with Lucas in tow. Mike and Eleven followed them too. They sat down in a room near the kitchen, chairs facing each other. Six glanced back and fourth from Eleven to Mike, and vice versa. "Huh... Guess I'll go check on the others. Good luck, Mike!" With that, Six ran off towards the kitchen. He met up with Dustin and Lucas and helped to carry arm-fulls of chocalate pudding cans after shouting back at Mike, telling him he'd found the chocolate pudding, followed by a slightly angered response of "Okay!". Six looked unsure about eating the new found goods as he was carrying them. "Don't

sorry man, it's great," Dustin assured him. Six, still a bit skeptical, popped one open and shoved a spoon full in his mouth. "Hey... Hey!" He gave the other two kids a wide smile. "See, told you it was good. Eat up, it should help you restore your energy."

"Yeah, it's working, all right. I can feel it."

When Six, Dustin and Lucas returned to the table and El was about to dig into her pudding, Mike came back. "Guys, guys!"

"What is it?" Lucas asked impatiently, anxious to start eating his pudding.

"They found us."

"Crap, crap, crap!" Six said, words he'd picked up from the multiple times Dustin said it. The four of them ran off into the dark hallways. Every turn they took, they ended up being blocked by government agents looking for Eleven and Six. They eventually cornered the kids, with a small team of guards behind and a larger team in front of them. Six blasted the guards behind with an almost immeasurable force of lightning, while Eleven used her powers to crush the heads of the guards in front. Blood was splattered in front of the kids, and the burnt smell of charred bodies emanated from behind them. El was drained from the attack and dropped to the ground. "El! Are you okay? El! El!" Mike called.

"Something's wrong," Lucas concluded. "She's just drained," Dustin said. "No, something's wrong, she won't wake up!" Mike panicked. He called her repeatedly with no answer. Mike was cut off by a tall silhouette stepping out from behind the corner. Six clenched his fists. "Brenner." Brenner looked over to Six. "Sedate him." Six began to charge at Brenner. "I won't let you, you bas-" He was wasn't allowed to finish his sentence as a charge of electricity was sent through him by a taser. His palms were getting bruised from the tightness of Six's fists. He continued to glare at Brenner, and even started to get back up while still getting shocked by the taser. Brenner however, didn't panic. "Stronger charge." The agent followed the order and turned the charge up to 9/10. Six screamed in pain, finally dropping to his knees, where heavy handcuffs were placed on his wrists in front of him. The "bad men" had obviously come prepared.

Brenner's men grabbed the others, holding them down as he knelt with El, telling her she was safe and that he would take her back home. Eleven squirmed a bit in protest as she gazed at her friends being detained. "No..." Brenner turned her head away from them and shushed her. "Shh, shh. You're sick. You're sick, but I can make you better. I'm going to take you home so I can make you better again, where we can make everything better, so no one else gets hurt." With the last line, he glanced over to Six and the others. "Bad," Eleven said weakly. "Bad. Bad." She turned over to Mike, calling out for him. "Mike... Mike..." The scene was interrupted by the flashing of lights and pulsing of electricity.

Mike came to a realisation. "Blood."

Lucas stood confused. "What?"

"Blood draws the monster."

The wall started cracking and breaking open as the guards stepped away from it. A monster climbed out of the hole. "Demogorgon." The guards tried their bullets against it, but to no avail. The demogorgon proceeded to slaughtering everyone in the hall. The guards holding the kids released them, arming themselves with their rifles. The group were trying to help Six up. "No... Just go. Trust me." The others nodded, and ran away as fast as they could while carrying Eleven.

Six stood up. The demogorgon turned away from Brenner, who it tackled into the wall, breaking some of his ribs, and turned to Six. It charged at him, but Six placed the handcuffs in its way, slamming them into it, breaking Six's restraints which also snapped his powers. The demogorgon seemed slightly dazed. Six grinned. *'Time for some fun.'* Six opened his arms, amplifying his punches with his powers, each hit enough break through thin concrete. The demogorgon staggered back. Six used the chance to blast it with lightning, burning it. Six raised his eyebrow. *'Hmmm, so that's your weakness, eh?'* Six shoved the demogorgon into the wall behind it, shattering the concrete, sending the monster into the room the wall once surrounded. Six sent every object that was and wasn't built into the floor and walls at it. The demogorgon was very dazed at this point. Six took the opportunity to begin channeling his next attack. A lightning strike to at least weaken- but hopefully kill the monster. He

sent the strike at the demogorgon before it could recover and react.

The monster screeched, causing Six's ears to bleed, stunning him, but not enough to make Six stop the continuous onslaught of electricity being directed at it. The room went completely dark, the only thing providing light was the lightning, forming a wonderous display of colours, except for the demogorgon, which appeared to be sinking into the ground. Six stopped the flow of lightning, instead trying to pull it back up for him to hit again with another bolt, but he failed, and the beast managed to escape. Six stood triumphantly over the pile of filth the demogorgon left in its wake. He had succeeded in his main objective, which was to greatly weaken it, though killing it might have been a great bonus, but he couldn't complain. Six strolled out of the hole in the wall, towards the collapsed Brenner.

Six held out his hand at Brenner who was looking up at him. Without remorse, Six began to dig Brenner's broken ribs into his chest. Brenner let out a shriek of pain. Six stopped to choke him, his fingers in a cupped motion. He shut his hand, making a satisfying snap, like the sound Nine had made when Six killed him. He did the same with Brenner. The bastard did deserve to die. Six walked away to look for and join back up with the others.

14. Chapter Fourteen

Six wandered the hallways of Hawkins Middle School, not finding who he was looking for, but instead mutilated bodies and blood splattered everywhere. It would only take a bit more the kill that monster, but bullets wouldn't be able to do it. Hell, Six wouldn't be able to kill it. He could maybe weaken it enough for it to have to retreat back to the Upside-Down. Six's thought were cut off when he heard little boys screaming in one of the classrooms down the hall. The girlish scream reverberated down the white hallways. That was definitely them, but the screaming is a bad sign. Six towards the source of the sound. The screaming and shouting was never in short supply, so Six was able to track them down rather easily. He finally arrived at the location of the rest of the kids. Six kicked down the oak door in his path, revealing Mike, who had fallen on the floor, Dustin and Lucas who were staring in awe at Eleven, who was holding the demogorgon against the blackboard, screaming as the demogorgon started to disintegrate.

Mike was quietly crying in the corner while Six realised what Eleven was doing. She was killing the demogorgon, but the toll it would leave on her was extraordinary. She was screaming at the top of her lungs, blood spilling out of her nose, and she had turned so pale Six could see the veins underneath her skin. "Eleven, no!" Six pleaded. "We can find another way!" Eleven turned to Six, shaking her head. Her look said everything. She was doing this to save her friends. To save *Mike*. "...I'll see you soon, Eleven. I promise." With that, the monster turned to dust, covering Eleven. They both disappeared.

They called for her. "Eleven! El!" The group just stood there, not saying anything, not doing anything. They- *she* had defeated the demogorgon, but at what cost? Mike was sobbing in the back of the class. "E-El..." Six walked over, placing his hand on his back. "She'll be fine. Trust me." He wrapped his arms around the crying boy. Police sirens blared outside the school. Hopper arrived in the classroom before the cops. "Hopper... Is Will okay? Is he with you?" Mike asked, wiping his tears away and holding his sobs. "Yeah kid, he's alright. He's in the hospital, resting. But right now, you have to come with me," He said, pointing at Six. "What? Why?" Hopper

grabbed his arm. "The police can't find out about you, and leaving you alone is too dangerous. You have to come with me," Hopper repeated. Six nodded, understanding the situation. He looked at his friends, sadly. "Don't worry, you'll see them soon." Six waved a goodbye before running to the back of the school with Hopper. Six trusted him, especially after what he did.

The kids were found by the cops and taken outside, where they were reunited with their parents. What should have been a happy reunion for Mike was turned into a moment of regret for him. "*First El, now Six...*" Mike continued crying, not sure if he could see either of them again. Meanwhile, Six was brought to a cabin in the woods by Hopper. "I know, it looks bad, but this is all we've got. This will be your new home, at least until the danger dies down." Six looked around while Hopper put on some "Real music". He clapped once. "Alright, let's get to work."

A week later, Hopper got a report of a "russian girl who stole a man's clothes hiding in the woods". The girl was described to have very short hair. Hopper had a hunch, but nothing more than. He placed Eggos in a lockbox in the woods, to test his theory. God, he hoped he was right. The next day, he opened the lockbox again to find that the Eggos had been stolen. He tried again the next day and the day after that with the same result. The Fourth day, he was about to leave after placing the daily Eggo in the box when he heard footsteps in the snow. He turned around to see a little girl at the age of thirteen with a winter jacket and cap and short, shaved hair. "*Eleven,*" He thought. Hopper brought Eleven to the cabin, stepping over the tripwire. He did the secret knock on the door, and it opened. The moment Six saw his sister, he jumped at her, enveloping her in a hug. "I missed you, Sis." She returned the hug. "Missed you too." Hopper and Six taught her how things worked around the cabin, the rules and the morse code radio. He exchanged Six's bed for a bunk bed, and Eleven called the top bunk. Hopper let Six stay in the same room as Eleven only because they were basically siblings, and he trusted Six by now. Six wasn't the Wheeler kid after all.

Every night, Six would think about how he would get his twin brother out of *that place*. He ran scenario after scenario before he fell asleep. "*One day,*" He thought. "*One day, I'll be back for you.*" Six

figured he would be safe with Brenner gone. Maybe they'd release him, and he'd try to contact Six.

It was nicer having someone around the cabin instead of being alone with the TV. Six would talk to El about the shows and they played games together. They missed their friends, but for now, they'd have to make do with each other. When Hopper was out for work or for anything else (Which was most of the time), Eleven would use the TV to enter the void, Six assumed to find Mike. He usually gave her her privacy when she did this. He and Hopper knew how much she wanted to see him, and how much he wanted to see her.

Back in Hawkins, Mike was miserable. He was happy that Will was back safe and sound, but he didn't feel the same without Eleven. He didn't feel *whole*. He prayed that he would see her again. Her last words to him echoed in his head. "*Goodbye, Mike.*" Mike had been so mopey the first few months that's his parents had started to get annoyed, so he tried to hide his discomfort best he could. Every night, he would whip out his Supercomm to try to contact El, to no avail. He never took down El's blanket fort either.

As time passed, Eleven and Six grew tired of being kept in that cabin. It wasn't as bad as *the lab*, as they could do whatever they wanted inside the cabin, but they didn't like it. Six tried to control himself. He wanted to go outside *so badly*, but he didn't. He knew the dangers. He knew the precautions. He was only staying here for a while, anyway. However, Eleven wasn't coping with her new home as well as Six. Six guessed it was because she had bonded with the boys more than he had. Sometimes she would talk to Six about going outside, at least for a day without Hopper noticing. Six considered this. He didn't *need* to go outside. He knew it was too dangerous.

Time flew by as fast as Eleven learned from Hopper and Six teaching her. Six was more fluent in speaking and he knew how to read from the special training he was given by the lab for him to become an assassin. Eleven however, wasn't equipped with these skills. Six and Hopper had to walk her through the basics, and eventually, she could read (Not well, but she could) and speak better than she had before. Before Six and Eleven knew it, Halloween came. Six woke up in the morning and saw Eleven cloaked by a sheet thrown over her, and eyeholes poked in for her to see through it. She ran outside to where

Hopper was making breakfast. Six heard her ask him if she could go Trick or Treating, but as expected, he rejected her offer. "I can chaperone her," Six suggested. "No. No means no, and she's not going. I mean it. Now take that thing off and eat your breakfast. It's getting cold." Eleven grumbled and sat at the table.

Hopper promised her a compromise, where he would get off work early, buy a lot of candy and watch a scary movie with her. Eleven thankfully agreed. "Remember, Hopper. Do not be late. She's already stressed out as she is."

"I know, Six. How about you? Don't you want to go Trick or Treating?"

"Doesn't really matter to me. What's the situation with the lab? How're the negotiations going?"

"They're going slowly, but I should be able to let Eleven out soon, maybe a few more months."

"A few more months wouldn't cut it. At least let her- *us* out one day. And yes, I know how dangerous it is, but I don't think she can take it much longer."

"I know, but I'm trying the best I can with these people."

"She visits him every night, you know?"

"Yeah, I know. He misses her too. Now, I have to go. I'll see you guys tonight." Hopper gave Six a limp wave as he walked away from the cabin.

15. Chapter Fifteen

Six looked up at the clock. 23:45. He sighed. Hopper was late. Six let Eleven take the TV into their room, and he gave her some space. The familiar sound of Hopper's secret knock rapped on the front door. Six ran over to the door to open it for him. There was Hopper, holding a container in the shape of a pumpkin, full on candy. "You are very, very late," Six told him. "I know. Where is she?" Six pointed at her room with his thumb. "Door's locked. I think you'll have to coax her again." Hopper sighed. "Can you help me out?" Six shook his head. "Sorry, Hop. You gotta fix this yourself." Hopper rolled his eyes. "You're really no help, you know that?" Six shrugged and walked off into the bathroom, closing the door behind him while Hopper approached Eleven's door.

"Hey, kid. Open up, will you?" There was no answer from inside the room. "I got uh... stuck somewhere, and I lost track of time." There was answer but it didn't come from Eleven. "Haha, *that's* your excuse?" Hopper tucked his lips into his mouth. "If you're not helping, *shut up*. Anyway, I'm sorry. El, would you please open the door? El?" Hopper let out a breath and walked over to the sofa, dropping onto it. "All right, I'm just gonna be our here all by myself, eating all this candy. I'm gonna get fat. It's very unhealthy to leave me out here." Hopper unwrapped a nougat, trying to make the action as loud as possible, and bit into it, with a satisfied "*Mmm*." Six opened the door to the bathroom and walked out, joining Hopper on the couch. He grabbed one of the many bars of chocolate and bit into it. "Looks like I'm sleeping out here tonight," He said in between bites. Hopper left the bucket of candy on the coffee table and went into his room for the night. Six grabbed some blankets and lay down on the couch, his head resting on the armrest, wrapping himself in the covers, and fell asleep.

The next morning, Six woke up to Hopper talking to Eleven. "Rise and shine. So that's it, huh. You're still not talking? All right. Then Six and I are just going to have to, uh... enjoy this Triple Decker Eggo Extravaganza by ourselves. Isn't that right, Six?" Six only answered with a sleepy groan. The mention of "Eggo" must have triggered something in Eleven as she shot up from bed and ran to the dining

table where, as Hopper said, a Triple Decker Eggo Extravaganza was waiting for her. Hopper sat at the table right after Eleven. Six was the last to arrive, groggily stumbling to breakfast, stubbing his toe on the coffee table leg with a painful-sounding shriek. The three of them dug into their meal. "Mmm! *Mmm!*" Hopper exclaimed as he bit into the first layer of Eggos. "Good, right? You know what he good bing about it is? It's only 8000 calories." Eleven ignored his joke, glaring at him from last night's event. Hopper glanced over to the wires across the floor that were leading into Eleven and Six's room. "You visited him again last night?"

Eleven looked down at her Eggos. "He said he needs me," She said quietly. "Want me to go check on him?" Eleven shook her head. "I know that you miss him, all right? But it's too dangerous. You're the last thing he needs right now." Eleven glanced up to meet Hopper's gaze. She knew he was right. "You're gonna see him. Soon. Not just in that head of yours. You're gonna see him in real life. I feel like I'm making progress with these people." Eleven glared harder at him. "Friends. Don't. Lie." Hopper frowned in confusion. "What?" "You say 'soon' on day 21. You say 'soon' on day 205. You now say 'soon' on day 326?" Hopper glanced at Six for some help, but he was still half asleep, his eyelids struggling to keep open. He tried to put food in his mouth, but he accidentally dropped it on his lap. "What is this, you're counting down days like you're some kind of prisoner?" Eleven clenched her fists on the table. "When is soon?" Hopper turned away from her to pin his police badge on. "Soon is when... it's not dangerous anymore."

"When?" She sounded more and more frustrated and angry with each noise she made.

Hopper shook his head. "I don't know."

"On day 500?"

"I don't know."

"On day 600?"

Even Hopper sounded more frustrated when he said, "I. Don't. Know," But Eleven didn't let up.

"Day 700? *Day 800?*"

"No!"

"I need to see him! *Tell me!*"

"I said I-" She didn't let Hopper finish when she blasted everything on the table towards him. "Shit. Shit!" That finally woke Six up. He flicked his wrist, sending every crumb and debris off him. "*Friends. Don't. Lie!*" Eleven stomped off into her room, slamming the door closed with her powers. Hopper got up kicked the table frustratedly. "Help me out too, would you?" Six did the same that he did for himself for Hopper. Hopper packed up and left, without saying goodbye. Six didn't give him any mind, and went back to sleeping on the couch.

Unknown to Six, Eleven had dressed up and crept out the cabin while he was asleep. She didn't want Six to alert Hopper, and she didn't want to get him involved. She hesitated for a moment at the front door, recalling Hopper's rules. She ignored her thoughts and disabled the locks and went outside. An hour later, Six woke up. He looked around the cabin for Eleven, calling her name. He finally came to his senses. '*She actually left.*' He had a feeling something like that would happen. He wasn't *too* worried however, as Six knew exactly where she would go. '*School.*'

Six ran as fast as he could to the closest place with people to ask for directions. He was told the location of the school, and he ran all the way there. By the time he reached his destination, he was already way out of breath. He used to be fit and buff and lean, but being kept in that cabin so long wasn't good on his strength. Six saw the white bikes parked outside the school, and he instantly recognised them. He ran through the halls of the school until he heard the voices of a boy. He approached the source of the voice until-

BAM

He hit someone, and both of them toppled onto the ground. Thankfully, it was the person he was looking for. His sister. "El. I've come to take you back before Hopper gets home and notices we're gone." It was already getting late, and Hopper would be home any

minute now. "If we move fast, we might get back before him. C'mon..." Six's voice trailed off when he saw Eleven with tears in her eyes, trying to hide her obvious sobbing. "What's wrong?" She pointed to the area where she came from, the gym. "Mike." Six frowned, unsure what he did or if he was hurt. "Stay here." Six continued running to the direction Eleven pointed to. He looked into the window to the gym, where he saw Mike walking beside another girl, a smile on their faces. Six instantly knew what made El cry. He concentrated, making Mike slip and fall on his bottom, releasing a small scream. He looked towards the window. He got up and hobbled outside and found nothing. Two instances of being pushed by invisible forces...

Six took Eleven's hand and ran back to the cabin. By the time they reached there, it was already dark, and they could see the silhouette of a man with a hat, holding a cigarette. Six and Eleven dreaded the storm to come.

16. Chapter Sixteen

Eleven led Six straight into the cabin, leaving the door open for Hopper to angrily walk in. Eleven was slightly tempted to have locked the door on him- save her the trouble of an argument. Hopper followed Eleven in straight away and slammed the door behind him. "Friends don't lie, 'Isn't that your bullshit saying?" He hollered. Eleven ignored him, making a beeline to her room. The door she tried to throw shut was intercepted by Hopper's own arm. "Hey, hey, hey! Don't walk away from me!" He stood in the door way. "Where'd you go on your little field trip, huh?" Hopper interrogated, glancing between both Eleven and Six, who was behind him. "Where?" He inquired. "Did you go see Mike?" Eleven's face was turned away from him. "He didn't see me." Hopper started to walk into the room. "Yeah, well a mother and daughter did, and they called the cops." He leaned over Eleven, staring her straight in the face, but she refused to look at him. "Now, did anyone else see you? Anyone, at all? Come on, I need you to *think!*" Eleven shouted back, "*Nobody* saw me!" Hopper lowed his voice. "You put us in danger. You realize that right?"

"You promised-" Her voice breaking. "-I go. But I *never* leave! Nothing ever happens!" Hopper raised his hands. "Yeah, nothing ever happens, and you *stay safe!*" He said, slamming the wardrobe. "You *lie!*" Hopper shook his head. "I don't *lie*, I *protect*, and I *feed*, and I *teach*, and all I ask of you is that you follow *three simple rules*, and you know what? You *can't even do that!*" He stomped out of the room, pushing past Six. "You're grounded. You know what that means? No Eggos, and no TV for a *week.*" Hopper tried to lift up the TV to take it away, but something was holding it down. He looked at Eleven, her nose starting to bleed. "Alright, knock it off. Let go." She shook her head. Hopper tried to pull the TV again, making a rattling noise, followed by a grunt. "Okay, two weeks." He tried again with the same result. "Let go." She shook her head for the second time. "A *month.*" Six stepped in between them. "Eleven, just let go-" He managed to say before he was thrown into the couch. Hopper looked at Six before turning disappointedly at Eleven. "Fine. *Two months.*" "*No!*" She protested.

"Well, congratulations. You just graduated from no TV for a month, to no TV *at all*," He said as he tugged the antennae of the piece of technology, snapping it off. "No, no! No!" She shouted in dismay, rushing to the TV's side. "You have got to understand that there are consequences for your actions," Hopper said with his back turned without remorse. Eleven turned around and snapped at him, "You are like Papa!" This took Hopper's attention back. "Oh really?" He chuckled sarcastically. "I'm like that psychotic son of a bitch? Wow, okay. You wanna go back in the lab? One phone call, I can make that happen."

"I hate you."

"Yeah, well I'm not too crazy about you either. You know why? It's because you're a *brat*. Do you know what that word means? How about that be your word of the day, huh? Brat. Why don't we look it up," He picked up her dictionary off the table beside him. "*B-R-A-T*. Brat." He passed the book over to Eleven, who caught it with her powers midair. Six got up. He didn't like where this was going. She launched it at Hopper, and Six caught the flying object midair with his own powers. "Hey! What the hell is wrong with you?" Hopper shouted. Six however, couldn't stop the couch that was shoved into Hopper's leg. "Hey! *Hey!*" He repeated those lines as Eleven stomped back into her room, throwing the bookshelf onto the floor behind her. She slammed the door and locked it. "Open this door! Open the damn door! You wanna go out in the world? You better *grow up! Grow the hell up!*" From behind the door, Six and Hopper heard her scream as the glass windows shattered all around them, none of the shards reaching either thanks to Six's reflexes having him make psychic bubbles around both. "This is going to be hell to clean up," Six sighed. From night till morning, Six and Hopper were boarding up the windows with wooden planks and picking up large chunks of debris from the floor.

Six finally broke the silence. "I understand where you came from, but don't you think you went a little too far?"

"Hey, you took me parenting when you become one, but for now, shut up," Hopper snapped, before a sigh. "Sorry kid, it's kind of hard taking care of a damn teenage girl with super powers."

"Yeah, I can tell."

"Speaking of which? Why aren't you going through this kind of phase?"

"Well, it's because I'm not a girl, and I think I grew out of it a year ago. It was probably hell for the lab to try to keep me under control. I got this scar from the guards pinning me and hitting me to try and keep me down," He explained as he lifted up the back of his shirt to show a rather large scar on his back. "Ah, those were good times."

Hopper didn't know where Six learned sarcasm, but he didn't ask. He only replied with, "Huh." "Anyway, you should probably apologise. I can't sleep out here forever, not that I'm complaining, only having a couch and a blanket..." Hopper sighed again. He seemed to do that a lot when talking to Six. He was beginning to think it wasn't a bad idea, so he walked over to Eleven's room. "Hey, kid. Listen, about last night, I uh..." His soft tone turned back to a commanding one. "I want this place cleaned up by the time I get back, and maybe I'll consider fixing the TV. You hear me?" He didn't wait for an answer when he walked off. "Wow, you really got close that time, Hop." Hopper replied with "Shut up" before he closed the door to make his commute back to work.

Oowee, this was pretty hard to write. Had to go back and forth from Netflix back to here over and over. But I assure you guys, from here on out, this story will no longer be a simple copy-and-paste. Expect to see more in the near future. Anyways, keep enjoying the story and tell me what you think in the reviews section, no need to hold back any criticism, I've got pretty thicc skin, I can take it!

Regards, **nubbynubbster**

17. Chapter Seventeen

Sorry guys, I had to rewrite the entirety of this chapter as I messed up the original plan of the story. Anyways, I hope you enjoy it!

With Hopper out of the cabin, Eleven was stuck cleaning it up, as she nor Six had any idea how to fix the TV, and Six was helping her since he found that it was partly his fault for not waking up to stop her from going out. They started placing the books on the bookshelf, followed by sweeping the floor which was layered with shattered glass shards. They packed the debris into a bag, and Six stepped out of the cabin to the trash can at the back. Every Sunday, Hopper would take the trash can to dispose of the rubbish. Six dumped the glass into the large metal bucket and closed it off with its cap. When he was starting back to the cabin, he tripped on a stray root of a tree. He fell face first into the ground, and after the impact, he was back in Hawkins Lab. It was 5 years go, when he was nine. He had gotten his first mission that his entire life inside the lab had trained him for. At first, he was reluctant to carry out the orders given to him. Pretty natural for a small child who was ordered to kill someone far away. Six tried to escape, throwing guards into the corridor walls around him, cracking them. He ran down the halls and was cornered by guards in full white outfits. He shot them with electricity, but they kept coming and coming with their insulative gear that was specially designed to capture Six. He had built up a bit of a reputation for being unruly. They threw him into the ground and bashed him unconscious while that man, the man in the suit that Six despised with every ounce of his being- *Doctor Brenner* stood in front of him, watching as Six struggled to break free while being brutally beaten by unfeeling machines of men.

Six was thrown into the isolation room as a punishment for disobeying orders. This "punishment" didn't have much of an effect on Six, as he found being in here better than out there. It gave him time to think and rest. By the time it was time for him to come out of the room, Six had realised that he had no choice but to follow the commands of the lab. Of *that man*. So, Six did as he was told. He killed the man he was ordered to, as it was either them or him, and he'd rather it be them. Six opened his eyes, and he was back on the

ground next to the cabin. He got up, clutching his head. When he stepped into the cabin, he saw Eleven sitting on the couch looking through a case file, with countless other files scattered on the floor next to a cardboard box labeled "Hawkins Lab" and an opening in the floorboards. The first thing that came out of Six's mouth at the moment was, "You know we'll have to clean this up, right?" Six was looking right at Eleven frustratedly, while she ignored him. "What're you looking at?" Eleven turned the file towards him in response, and he had to take a few steps closer to view it. "Terry Ives... 'Daughter-Jane was abducted...' What's this?" Eleven showed him another picture, one with Brenner next to Terry Ives. She pointed at Brenner. "Papa." She shifted her finger to Terry and paused. "You think... *You're Jane?*" Eleven nodded and redirected her pointing to the radio sitting on a shelf and her blindfolds on the opposite side of the room. Six hurriedly grabbed and gave her her equipment and she got into position to track down the mysterious woman.

Eleven tuned the radio to a certain frequency and held a picture of Terry in front of her. She put on the blindfolds and entered the Void. A while later, Eleven started shrieking, "Mama! Mama!" That confirmed it. *Eleven was Jane.* She took off the blindfolds and started sobbing, Six rushing to comfort her. After calming down, Eleven came to the conclusion that "I have to find Mama." Six insisted that he would go with her. In case Hopper came back, he didn't want to face his fury. Thus, the siblings went hitchhiking, catching a ride from a nice middle-aged man in a truck. There they stood, in front of Terry Ives's house, Eleven- *Jane's* mother. "You go on ahead," Six told his sister. "I'll... Check out the area," He said as he left to take a walk around the house. He sat on a bench at the side, and recalled everything that happened to him up to this point. He couldn't remember her parents, but he knew he did have them, like Jane did. All he knew was the inside of the lab, and how to kill. The training he went through was tough. His ability to shoot lightning from his hands with his mind was useful in his line of work. It helped him interrogate, which is what Seven mainly did, and of course, kill. Those bastards made him do terrible things. He swore that he would exact revenge on them for what they did to him and the other kids. But first, he had to rescue Seven. Six wasn't sure how, but he knew he could and *will*. Before he knew it, the sky had turned dark. Six went inside the house, and Eleven explained to her aunt that he was her

brother. Apparently, Eleven had found that she had a *sister*. A girl-008. It seemed that Terry wanted her daughter to find Eight, and Eleven tracked her down to Chicago. That's where Six and Eleven were going next.

Six was just settling into the guest room for the night when Eleven pulled him out. "She's calling the bad men." Six didn't ask questions and ran with his sister who had stolen some coins from her aunt. They took the bus down to Chicago, and Six had no idea Eleven knew how to ride the bus. Maybe Mike taught her. They spent the night sleeping in the bus, all the way to their destination. Eleven used the coins she took to pay for the bus fare, and they stepped out into a new land. It was a bustling city, with crowded streets and lighted buildings everywhere. There seemed to be some kind of event going on down the street, and the crowd grew with every passing moment. A man passed straight through the middle of Six and Eleven, and separated the two of them, Six being lost into the crowd. Their calls for each other were drowned out by the sounds of the city. After a while of searching the streets, Eleven decided she needed help. She ran to the abandoned warehouse she had seen Kali in in her vision. Maybe her sister could help her?

Already five blocks down, Six had given up trying to move against the flowing current of people. He had fallen onto the ground at least three times at this point. Six ducked into the alleyway beside a large building to catch his breath. He backed further into the back of the narrow space, and bumped into two large meaty bodies wearing white clothes. The sight of their outfits sent Six into a panic, and he froze. The guards looked at each other. "Hey, isn't that..." The others nodded. "Yeah! Get him!" They reached for the frozen Six, knocking him into the ground and cuffing him with handcuffs and he was knocked out. They dragged him through a doorway at the farthest reaches of the alley and into the building beside it. Six woke up in a chair in an interrogation room similar to the one in Hawkins, and just like the one there, he was in shackles. "Hello, Six," said a man in a black suit. He gave off the same impression as Brenner, but as Six looked closely, none of his features resembled him at all. "Wh- where am I?" Six asked the man in the room. "You're in a government lab in the outskirts of Chicago. We caught you wandering around on the security cameras outside. You see, we're part of the same government

organisation as the lab in Hawkins." Six looked up and glared at the man in the room with him. "So what do you want from me?" The man gave him a mischievous smile. "You belong to *us*. We will have your memory wiped and you will return to your life back at a lab. Not the other one, this one." Six shot the man a smile of his own. "That's not going to happen." With that, the man shot backwards into the mirror behind him. Guards rushed in to restrain Six, who had already broken his shackles. He blasted them back too, and started running into the hallways outside. He had to get out of here.

Meanwhile, Eleven had met her sister and was telling her that her needed help. They gathered in the main room in the warehouse with the whole gang paying attention to the conversation. "Why would we help someone we don't even know save someone we don't even know?" Axel questioned. "We're helping my sister and saving my brother," Kali replied. "Can you find him? With your powers?" Eleven nodded. She closed her eyes and pictured her brother in her mind. When she opened them, she was sure of his location. "Lab near outside of city." Kali smiled. "Great, we save Six and we can storm the lab. Two birds with one stone." Axel was still skeptical. "That place is like a fort. What makes you think we can get inside?" "Well that's because..." Kali gestured to Eleven. "We have her. We leave tomorrow morning."

Six continued running. He had no idea where he was going, but he knew there had to be an exit somewhere. At the end of the hallway, he came across a stairwell. Looking down, he saw that he was on the top level. He heard guards running up from downstairs and saw guards approaching from behind him. *'Not much time to think, huh.'* He seemed to have been cornered when he came up with a plan. Actually, it wasn't much of a plan. More of a really really dumb idea, but Six had no other options. He channeled his powers into the stairs below him, and the concrete cracked and gave way under him. The top floor of the stairwell collapsed onto the floor underneath him where he landed. His move crushed some guards under the rubble. He continued running until he crashed into some more guards. Six sighed. He blasted them with lightning, but there were too many. They eventually managed to get close enough to him to sedate him. Six once again woke up in a chair, restrained to it. This time, there was a neural helmet placed on his head, probably to stop him from

using powers, and large blocks attached to the cuffs on his wrists to weigh them down. The same man from earlier entered the room. "You're a persistent little sucker, aren't you?" He smacked Six across the face. "Now, it has been brought to our attention that another subject came with you here. "Eleven, I believe. Please confirm our speculations." Six didn't answer. "I take that as a yes. Now, where is she?" Six remained quiet. "I don't know." His answer seemed to be dissatisfying, as he was given another smack on the face. "Don't tell me you don't know, you were with her. I'm going to ask again. Where. Is. The. Girl?" The man said, his face inching closer and closer to Six's with each word. Six replied with a full spit into the man's face. "I. Don't. Know." The man pulled off the spit from his face with a handkerchief from his breast pocket.

"Shock him." The command sent a stroke of electricity through Six's metal chair into him, making him give off a screech. After three seconds, the shocks stopped. "Where?" The man said simply. Six answered with words he'd learned from Lucas. "Eat shit." The man shook his head disapprovingly. "Turn up the power. Seven seconds."